A REAL THANKSGIVING. Within a garret, cold and forlorn, A group is gathered, Thanksgiving more. Father and mother, with children three-One but a babe on the mother's knee. Haggard and pale is the father's face Where lingering sickness has left its trace While the easeworn look on the mother's Tells of the sorrow upon her now. Hungry and faint, from the lack of food, With scanty clothing, no coal nor wood,

A broken table, a bare pine Roor— What have they to be thankful for? Thoughts like these to the purents come, While sitting here, in their cheerless home The children, metled upon the bed, A fragment of carpet over them aprend, Are blind to their parents' mute despair; And the little girl, with a pitying air, Says: "What do poor children do, I wonder With no warm carpet to cuddle under: "No pape and mamma to give 'em bread, And tuck 'em up when they go to bed?"

Footsteps fall on the creaking floor; A kneek is beard on the chamber door. A bluff "Good-morning" their query brings, And: "Sambo, you rastal, fetch up the things!"

While the lequire's darkey, with cheerful grin, Food and clothing brings quickly in: "Lord bless you, ma'am! why, who'd a knowed That folks lived up in this 'ere abode? "Taint fit for a burn, 'n' or I'm a sinner, I'll take you all to my house to dinner." "Til find you work when you're strong and

"N" a better place than this 'ere to dwell-And the 'squire paused, while a tear grose And dropped unseen on his ruby nose, As the baby boy, with a happy look, A rosy apple from Sambo took;

And the children gathered, with hungry eyes. Round the platter of doughnuts and pump kin pres:

While the grateful mother could only say "Truly this is Thanksgiving day?"

—C. F. Adams.

RUBY'S PRAYER.

And the "Angel" by Whom It Was Answered.

The street lamps had just been lighted and one sent soft rays into the room where little Ruby Owen had tossed on her bed all day. She was recovering from one of the diseases that belong to childhood. The day had been wearisome, both for her and her mother, who had nursed the two older children through the same disease, and was almost worn out. But when Ruby in a sick, fretful tone, said: "Tell me about Thanksgiving at grandfather's, please," she began in as brisk a way as if she were not tired out, and as if this were not the five hundredth time she had told the same

thing.

"Well, Thanksgiving morning we chlldren used to get up bright and early and dress ourselves by candlelight to go to grandfather's. We put on our best clothes My dress was bright rid, with little black stars in it. It was very protty. It had a musilin rullle in the neck that mother crimped, and that was pretty, too. By the lime we were dressed mother would have breakfast yeady. We chattered and laughed more than we sto, we were so happy. My brothes, John always got up first and fed the borses, and harnessed them to the box sleigh. Right after breakfast be used to whird up to the gate with a great flourish, and shout 'All aboard!" Then we would hurry on our shawls and hoods and mittens, and scramble into the sleigh. There was straw in the bottom, and we all cuddled down on it, and had plenty of blankets to keep us warm. Then father cracked the whip, and away we all went! My how fast, flying up and down the white hills. It was ten miles, but it didn't take long to go. When we got there the house was full of aunts and tucles and cousins, girls and boys and bables. Everybody talked and laughed at once, and was happy as could be. By and by dinner was happy as could be. By and by dinner was happy as could be. By and by dinner was happy as could be, and by dinner was happy as could be and by dinner was happy as could be well and by dinner was happy as could be and by dinner was happy as could be and by dinner was happy as could be

"At grandfather's place was always a big platter, with a great long turkey, all nice and brown, with good stuffing. Then we used to watch grandfather, and see him cut the nice white slices and put some on each plate, with mushed potatoes and turnips and all the other good things. We children always kept a sharp lockout for the wishbons."

Tell 'bout the cranberries." "O, yes; every one of us would have a dish of stewed grandsgries. O, how good

they were—"
"I know," meaned Ruby; "I lasted 'em
at Mary Shater's last winter. They are
red and pretty and sour and sweet and
cool. O, dear, I wish I had some, and
some turkey. Will we ever have a turkey
for our Thanksgiving?"
"Some day, I guess," the mother an-

swered, with a great misgiving at her heart, as she thought of the doctor's bills she would have to meet.

ecific petitions would be orthodox.
"Tim't wicked to ask Him, is li?"
"No, I s'pose not."
"Well, I mean to do it," Ruby said, de-

There was a listener to part of this con-ersation, though nobody was aware of i versation, though nobody was aware of it but himself. A young postman, going his rounds, had brought a totter to the Owens. They did get istiers sometimes, though they were poor, and a newspaper every week. Mrs. Owen would not have afforded the latter luxury herself, but a henevolent old gentleman had for years subscribed for a religious weekly for several families of his acquaintance, and this was one of thom. There was postage due on the latter, and barah Owen hunted through all the drawers and boxes for three conts, and finally went to Mrs. Jay, who lived up-stairs, and she had to ransack drawers and pockets before any penniss could be found.

any penniss could be found.

If Stephen Perry had been as enlightened in regard to thier poverty as that faw minutes! waiting had made him, he would minutes' waiting had made him, he would have paid the extra postage himself, and said nothing about it. From where he stood he could hear what was said in the small bed-room, and could dimly see Ruby lying crosswise of the hed. He knew the bright-wyed little girl. She alway-opened the door unlingly to him, and said "Thank you" when its brought a letter, if the generous follow had followed his impulses, he would have gone straight into the little soom and, bagged Mrs. Owen to take every could be had. But he knew she was not the sort of woman to receive charity as long as she could help it, for when her husband was living she had been well-to-do.

well-th-do.
Stophen's route to one of the suburbs of the city gave him a peep into all sorts of homes. He ran up marble stops of grand houses on the broad avenues, depositing messages, and just as faithfully be darted here and there in humble strests and knocked at shabby doors. He owned a little brown house blusself on one of the nar-

out of the teeth of the north wind, and sit n his mother's old splint-rocker by the ireside. If his mother had been there, he would have sat on the opposite side in sucher chair, and then he would have told her the little incidents of the day. But the mother was not there. It was But the mother was not there. It was almost six months since she went the long journey and left Stephen alone in the little old house, with no kith or kin on this side the water. Such comfort and peace as they two had known together! It was so hard to go en alone. For a time he was bewildered as to plans. He would not left the house and turn himself out of a home, and he shrank from allowing a family to come in with him. So he decided to take his meals out, and keep his home just as it was.

"I might have a wife some day," he told fitmed, and then, even in his sadness, the nineten-year-old boy was forced to laugh nineteen-year-old boy was forced to laugh

nineteen-year-old boy was forced to laugh
at the preposterous suggestion.

Stephen's heart ached as he sat by the
fire that night, with thoughts that would
come trooping in. He was obliged to remember that day after to-morrow was
Thanksgiving Day, and that there would
be no occasion for burrying through his
work to-morrow, so as to be early at the
market to get the nicest of everything for
mother. He leaned his head back in her
old chair and groaned out, "O, mother,
mother! Mother is gone!" Then, as
memories of looks and tones swept over
him, he covered his face and yielded to a
tempest of grief.

Among other things, he receiled the fact

memories of looks and tones swept over him, he covered his face and yielded to a tempest of grief.

Among other things, he receiled the fact that at this senson of the year especially his mother had been thoughtful of the poor. She had always invited some forlern body to share their Thanksgiving dinner, and had sent little gifts here and there to bare homes. It had never once occurred to her that she herself was poor, as the world estimates, and one of the texts of Scripture that she herself was poor, as the world estimates, and one of the texts of Scripture that she herself was poor, as the world estimates, and one of the texts of Scripture that she had faithfully impressed upon Stephen was "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor." Strety he must take up his mother's work and carry out her wishes, and his mind grew calm making out a list of persons and arranging something for each of them. Then there was Ruby. How pleasant it would be to answer her prayer and send a turkey to their house; and while he lay plans and grew excited over them, he was unwittingly proving the truth of another text: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The very moment that Stephen got rid of the last lotter of the next morning's mall, he hurried down in the city to do his pleasant errands. He liked well enough to buy a roast for Peter Magoon, the cripple, a pound of tea for old Mrs. Burr, and a few yards of flannel for Janet Muir, who always had the rheumatism. This was carrying out his mobier's wishes, even though he was not interested in the persons. But he keenly enjoyed getting to getter a Thanksgiving dinner for Ruby. He was resolved that it should not be done by halves. He first bought a fine young furkey, then some awest polatoes, turnips and cranberfies. The man who tended the would have no suspicion as to whom she would have no suspicion as to whom she was indibted.

would have no suspicion as to whom she was indibbed.
Stephen was delighted when he found that the delivery wagon would not be in Chase Street until about the time he would be delivering his evening mail. When the line arrived he looked for it, and managed to be coming out of the house opposite just as Mrs. Owen was parleying with the man on her door-step, and insisting that all liese things were not bought by her.

"It's paid for," said the man.

"I'm sure thure's a mistake," persisted

I'm sure there's a mistake," persisted "Look a-here, isn't your name Owen's"

"Isn't this 52 Chass Street?" "Yes."

"Yes."
"Well; that's what the card says.
'Nough said; they can't go anywhere else,
so you'll just please empty this basket, for
I'm in a burry."
And Mrs. Owen, looking pazzled, agitated, and yet pleased, brought back the
empty besket. She caught a glimpse of
the innecent-looking postman striding
about, but it never entered her head that
he could have aught to do with it.
It would have done Standar good to

had no mail for Mrs. Owen. He wished he had no mail for Mrs. Owen. He wished he had. But he was quick-witted. In his hag there had lain for a week a letter for which he could find no owner. He would inquire here. Sarah came to the door, reaching out her hand expectantly. Would she be so good as to ask her mother if she knew of a person on this street, or who used to live on it, by the name of Jane Mills. Sarah left the door wide open, and carried the letter to her mother to make the name surer. While Mrs. Owen ransacked through her memory for Jane Mills, Stephen's eyes took in several things. The turkey was there, sure enough, and the slices were large and whits. The bedroom door was open, and Ruby, bolstered up in hed, her plate by her side, was taking dainty hits of turkey and tastes of cranberry. She looked happy, and the tall young fellow peeping at her was happy enough to shout. He didn't care two straws just then your the head.

shough to shout. He didn't care two straws just then whether he ever found Jane Mills or not. He had got what he came for. "It's fun," he said, with some-thing between a smile and a tear in his sye, as he marched off with long strides.

swered, with a great misgiving at her heart, as she thought of the doctor's bills she would have to meet.

"And cranberries?" said Ruby, eagerly.

"Shouldn't wonder;" and then the poor mother sighed, and fell to wondering if she couldn't spare enough to buy some cranberries for Thankegiving, which was just at hand. Then she leaned back her fired head and fell into a doze, and was awakened by Ruby's saying:

"Mother, I mean to ask God to send us a turkey. He can, can't He?"

"What a child you are!" her mother such specific petitions would be orthodox.

"A great deal can happen in ten years. It had brought no great changes to Stephen

nor a moment ago; the young postman, surveying hor table with a merry twinkle in bis eye.

A great deal can happen in ten years. It had brought no great changes to Stephen Perry, though. He still lived in the little brown house, and strode about the city in his well-fitting gray suit, his leathern bag strapped over his 'oulder. A true, good man he was, with the respect and confidence of all who knaw him. He loved books, and these he gathered about him; so he had no occasion to seek society in the long evenings; he had the bost of it at home. He still dispensed his charities as silentify and steadily as the dewa, with this difference though—what had been begun for his mother's sake, was now carried on for the sake of the Master whom he served.

The Owens during these years had worked and struggled on. Sometimes both ends met. At the holidays, when people expect gifts, their unknown benefactor always remainbered them, though continually fearing that by some means they would discover to whom they were indebted and resent it. Atlant a new plan

for helping them came into his head.

One day in midwinter, when the air was gruelly cold. Ruby passed down the street cruelly cold. Hiby passed down the street just before him on her way to school. The north wind blew in Tearfil blusts, almost lifting the slight form of the young girl into the air, and Stephen, his bessy overcoat buttoned up to his chin, the collar drawn up about his neck, could not but notice the chilled look, the thin dress blowing in the wind, and the old thin ahawl she draw tightly about her. It was plaiful, but what could he do? He would gistly have stripped off his own warm cost and wrapped it about her. But that he could not do unless she should suit down a little trosen heap hefore him.

burdens to earry than L. Let me help you bear them, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Inclosed and a warm dress and cleak for Ruby.

This substantial aid coming frequently was just the little that was lacking to make things go on comfortably. But it still remained a mystery who the generous being could be that showered gifts upon them. Ruby had for years entertained vague wonderings whether a vertable sarged had not been sent at the time she prayed for the larkey, and seeing how very poor they were, continued his angelic ministrations. But she taid none of these thoughts to her mother, or her matter-offest sister. Whoever it was, angel or human, her warm clothes and strong new shoes made her heart glow with gratitude to the giver, as she tripped along to school. Was it by accident that Stephen Perry and subjected the finest rose in him, her warm clothes and strong new shoes made her heart glow with gratitude to the giver, as she tripped along to school. Was it by accident that Stephen Perry and given it as if he meant to do not intend the stem into occurrent of the newspaper, and said, "I can't take ears of that any longer," exactly as if thad happened it is fragrant leaves into a box and hid it in the farther corner of the misserations. But she taid a line of these than the presence of the newspaper, and said, "I can't take ears of that any longer," exactly as if thad happened it is fragrant leaves into a box and hid it in the farther corner of the one of the same than the presence of the newspaper, and said, "I can't take ears of that any longer," exactly as if thad happened it is fragrant leaves in the stem that it was precious. She kept it is life as long as, into a box and hid it in the farther corner of the tail, and then gathered its fragrant leaves into a box and hid it in the farther corner of the tail, and then gathered its fragrant leaves into a box and hid it in the farther corner of the tail, and the was the way and selected the finest rose in himself, and then gathered is fully and the gratical pr

cheeks!
Things were going very well now at the end of these eight years in Ruby's home. Sarah had married a young mechanic and set up a house of her own. The boys had gone to learn trades, so that Ruby and her mother managed to got along nicely. There was only one drawback—her mother was not well or was worked out, so that Ruby at times had more work than she had strength for.

was only one drawback—her mother was not well or was worked out, so that Ruby at times had more work than she had strength for.

Stephen Perry Hved on in the same fashion, taking pleasure in keeping everything just as mother left it. Once a week he hired a woman to go over the house, aweeping, dusting and orightening windows. Sometimes he tired of this mode of life, and allowed himself to imagine for a noment how pleasant it would be to come home and see a light stiming from the window and a little table spread for tes. Sometimes there flitted about in his fancy the vision of a dark-cycd girl, and when he tried to trace her, it was always Ruby Owen. Was he waiting for Ruby to grow up? Well, she had grown up now, and he had never exchanged but few words with hier. They had smiled into each other's faces, though, every week, just as when she was a child. Surely there was no face anywhere like Ruby's. It was not alone that it was fair and the har bright and wavy, the brown ever pure, and the mouth sweet and serious. It was a good face. He was sure it was the same Ruby who prayed when she was a child. She was still the child with faith in God, grown taller, that was all. Sometimes she did not herself come to the door. He could suatch her away from that hard work—take her down to the little house on Arbor Street! Would Ruby like it? Would she? How ever was such a busy postman to find out, especially such ashy, allent man as Stephen Perry? He had discovered his own secrets, though; however or whenever it was done, it was there. Ruby was set up in his heart as the dearest, most precious object under the aun.

Oac night Stephen came home with a cloud on his face—an newway state of any of the and on her she had also over her set only a face. In a done her inside, beauty promise how a well as the dearest, most precious object under the aun.

he min. One night Stephen came home with a One night Stephen came home with a cloud on his face—an unusual state of things with him. In all his meditations concerning Ruby the thought of another having a chain spon her had not entered his mind. That evening, as he left the mail at her door, she came up the steps with a young man who passed into the house with her. Stephen walked slowly up and shown in front of the house a few minutes, and presently a light appeared in the small front room, and Ruby came to the window and drew down the shades. There, there it was! While he had been dreaming and dawdling about, somebody else had secured the prize. He called himself a blockhead and a fool, and any other hard names that lay conveniently around d names that lay conveniently around

in his mind.

"He has no right to her," he told himself, half fercely. "I have watched over her all these years. How can she-when she knows—" and just here the recollection that she did not know that it was his care that smoothed her way and wrapped warm garments about her, brought him to a more reasonable frame. He had meant to he deliberate in his wooing, because he fancied that Ruby had never given him a second thought. He must teach her to care for him. He had planned to invite her that very night to go with him to a lecture to-

him. He had planned to invite her that very night to go with him to a lecture to-morrow night. But now, as he thought it all out, walking up and down the room, all plans and hopes looked discouraging.

The young man who caused all this tunult was John Payne, a machinist who worked in the same shop with Sarah'a husband. He often met Ruby at her sister's, and sometimes walked home with her. Or late, though, his attentious were becoming so marked that Ruby avoided him as much as possible. The mind of her sister was intent upon furthering the match, however. She sounded John's praises, and presented Ruby with advice and persuasion, till the girl was tired of the sound of his name.

Mother, why don't you talk to Ruby?" Sarah said, one day, as she stopped in to make a call on her way home from the grocery. "The way she treats John Payne grocery. "The way she treats John Payne is dreadful. Next thing you know he won't take any more notice of you," custing a repreachful eye at Ruby, who sat at the sewing-machine stitching a fine vest. Ruby murmured as she started the machine at a swift rate of speed that she "hoped he wouldn't."

of his name.

'I expect Ruby'll have to make her own

"I expect Ruby'll have to make her own choice, just as you did, and just as I did my-self," said the mother, sighing, in thought casting a glance backward, and looking fondly at her youngest daughter "May be she'll never have such a chance as this again," Sarah went on. "He's a nine fellow as can be found, a splendid workman, "Il make a good living, hasn't any bad habits, and he's a member of the church besides," putting this last clincher of her argument in a trumphant tone.

"What of all that." Ruby said, banding

of her argument in a triumphant tone.

"What of all that," Ruby said, bending over her work and suipping off a thread, "if I don't care for him."

"Ph!" sniffed Sarain, "now, Ruby Owen, have you been reading novels? Why shouldn't you care for a nice young man like him? 'Course you'd care for him, if he was kind to you and made a good home for you. That comes of your being forever reading a book every chance you get. You better put away all stuff and non-sense. Poor folks can't afford to be romantic. They have to take what they can get, I tell you."

romantic. They have to take what they can get, I tell you."

"Sarah," said Ruby, tooking into her face steadily, and speaking low, and with an effort at self-coutrol, "You needn't worry about me. I don't wish to marry anyhody. It I ever should, I shall not sell myself for a home. Never! I can earn my own living."—and as if in proof of this, whis, whir, went the sawing machine again, almost drowning Sarah's contemptuous. "Fiddlesticks!"

"It's downright selfishness," Sarah declared again, which was a skillful stab in

"It's downing is suitainess." Sarah de-clared again, which was a skillful stab in a sore spot. "Here's mother got to work on when she ought to be giving ap all work. The boys have good places, and ane could break up hossekeeping and come and live between us, if it wasn't for you hanging round her. She'skilling her-

Ruby had apparently a very long seam, for the busz of the swift sewer was all the answer that came.

Mrs. Owen might have put in a disclaimer, if she had not been so busy stringing empty spools for her grandchildren that she paid no attention to her talk.

As Sarah prepared to go, jerked her baby's hood-atrings together and twitched its closk about its shoulders, she made a last dash—saying augrily:

"Who do you care for, then? I dare any

"Who do you care for, then? I dare say you've set your heart on some good-for-nothing, that can't surn his own living, let alone yours. Well, go on; be as poor as poverty all your life. You'll get no help from us when you throw away such a chance as this. Why don't you speak? Is there anybody else? If there is I s'poss I'll have to let you slone."

Ituby was quilting some wadding.

Ruby was quitting some wadding. It lines and round, crossing and recrossing in lines and curves, went the quilting. Ruby's cheeks had flamed into scarlet, but that was all the sign she gave that she had heard a word. If she had confidences to give, they would never come out when roughly demanded.

When left to herself Ruby put her head down wearily and shed some little tears. It always grieved her to have differences with Sarah. She wouldered why it was they came so often. She was not wise enough to know the true reason, that one nature was highly organized, made of finest silk, and the other was of tow-cloth. Did she care for any hody class? Not tortures should draw from her a syllable of the pame of the person who for a long time had been her ideal of all that was true and manly and good. How Sarah would hugh her to scorn if she could know that hidden away up-stally, was a poor little withered rose, treasured because he had given it to her, and that was the only when her husband was living she had been when her husband was living she had been when her husband was living she had been will be could not do unless she should sight down a little frozen been before him.

The old shawl diskurbed Stephen's slumber the city gave him a peen into all sorts of homes. He ran up marble steps of grand houses on the broad avenues, depositing messages, and just as faithfully be darbed here and there in humber steps of the harrow, old fasaloned streets; a pleasant place, where the ancient trees on either row, old fasaloned streets; a pleasant place, where the ancient trees on either sides of the street inched their long branches together, and so it was dubbed "Arbor Street." His grandfather had built the house years ago, when he and the city were both young.

Stephen was glad to get nome to-night, STATE NEWS ITEMS.

HERMAN SHITH, Marion, was probably fatally burt, falling down a churs with an fron safe. Rope broke.

NEWARK drills have started for gas. GEORGE POMPERY, a bootblack who was tealing a ride, fell off a freight train at Elderade and was killed.

CAPTAIN LEVI STEWART, agod oighty-str., of Lancaster, first white man born in Fairfield County, is dead.

Swarting matches are coming in fashion again in Ohio.

her door, why, it might have set her heart to fluttering.
One September might, when a drizzling rain was falling, Ruby sat in the duals, shedding silent tears. The news that she had given John Payne a downright. "No" had sent Sarah out straightway—into the storm though it was—to make one last appeal to her migguided sider and induce her if possible to retract her refusal. But when arouncers, autosatics and scoldings So numerous have teen the escapes of prisoners from the Ohio Penitentiary of ate that guards have been placed on the walls at night. MRS. JACOH HARBAUGH, a highly re-

spected lady of New Pulladelphis died a few days aga of lock-jaw. Tun National crop report states that the total yield of corn in Ohlo will be far in ex-

cess of that for a number of years past. Ronger Hoop, golored, fell under a railroad train at Springifield and was fatally mangled

THE proprietor of Weidner's Operahouse at Dayton was fined twenty dollars. and costs for giving a theatrical perform-

when arguments, entreaties and scoldings produced no effect, she had departed, leaving stinging words behind. The world looked dark to Ruby: overylody was against her. This persocullon was worse than cold or hunger or lard work. Yet also knew she was right, and resolved anew that, come what would, she would never yow before God to love and honor—not even to keep herself from starration! It was not Starsh's repreaches alons that sting her. Even her mother was taking sides, and asying, as she looked troubled: "I don't know, may be you better consider it, child. I can't be with you always, you know. It'll be better to have a good husband to take care of you have to be left all alone." J. W. GILLESPIN has rold the Alliance Review to a company. Roy. C. M. James Disciple proacher from Wisconsin will be Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore the editor.

At Springfield, a man named Coleman who was drauk, became involved in a quarrel with his wife, and male a horrible gash in her throat with a rusor. Her recovery is doubtful. Coleman escaped.

will alone."
While she leaned her head on the winlow seat and wiped the tears, she was at
the same time lifting up her heart to God
for strength and comfort, and it was
coming, so near and so kind. There came
a knock at the door now, and Itaby field upstairs. It was only the postman with the
evening mail. THE receipts of the office of Socretary of State of Ohio for the year has been \$17,-\$25 M, all of which has been paid into the Treasury except \$1,000, which was due the Secretary as fees.

stairs. It was only the postman with the evening mail.

"A letter," her mother called up to her, as she lighted a lamp. "I s'pose its from the Kansas folks." But Ruby did not stir till her mother said: "It's for you. Come down quick, and tet's hear the news."

What it, somehow, there should be some great good for her in that letter? But it was a wild thought that went through her head. She never had a letter in her life from anybody but relatives.

"Come, child, hurry up and read it. Let's know how they are doing," her mother said, after she had waited patiently till Ruby had opened the letter and read through the first page.

"It isn't from Kansas, mother," Ruby said, with a little tremite in her voice.

"Well, who is it from then!"

"It is from Mr. Perry." A PIKE COUNTY farmer has produced a pumpkin vine on which thirtnes of the good fruit grow, all of them of en rmous size, one pumpkin weighing 213 pounds, the second 110 and the third 90. They trate like sweet polatoes, and are of the Yellow Hixey squash variety.

The other evening, during the absence of her mother from the room, Mamie Ryan, the five-year-old daughter of Thomas Ryan, of Gilbert avenue near Church street, Walnut Hills, accidentally not fire "It is from Mr. Perry."
"The postman! What in the world—"
sciained her mather. Then, glancing at
miv's finshed cheeks, she furbore, and to her clothes while playing about the store. Before the flames could be extinguished the child was so hadly burned about the head and body that after lingering in great agony until the next morning death ended her suffering.

Ruley's figshed cheeks, she forbore, and knit on in silence.

"Well, what does Stephen Perry want?" her mother asked, after Ruby had road the letter twice and sat dreaming over it.

"Read it," said Ruby, putting it in her lap and running upstalra again.

"There is no need of waiting," pleaded Stephen a month later. "I have waited—waited ten years for you. I want my wife to be all sottled in her new home by Thanksgiving." Davin Dav, a Baltimore and Ohio brakeman, had both legs broken by falling twenty-five feet from a chute while filling a tender with coal, near Newark. Thanksgiving."

And so it came about that the week before Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Perry returned from their bridal trip and estiled down in the little brown house, which had been newly painted, papered carpeted, and made fresh as any nest in June. CHARLES WEIGHE, a Cincinnati saloons

Warner, with a toy platel. STATE AUDITOR KIESEWETTER WAS VIEW diented at Columbus, and the Mayor of that city thinks he was justified in spoot-

ing at Eillott. Min. Konverge, while near Bennon, was attacked by two highwaymen and robbed of \$1,000 in each, besides his watch and

Ruby heaped coals of fire on the head of

It was several mouths afterward that

Ruby was looking over some old papers of her mother's that a sudden light beamed in upon her. It fairly stopped her breath for a moment as she tooked over again the letter received five years before from the unknown friend. She ran to taring her one lover letter and compare the handworking

love letter and compare the handwriting with the other letter. There could be but one conclusion—the same hand had evidently written them both. When Stephen

A COLORED IRISHMAN.

How His Gaelie Jurgon Astonished a Tip-

The principal families of this colony

solvent debtor's estate. In connection

heard an amusing anecdote, related by

the late Daniel Dywer, solicitor at the

ng wholesale grocer of Louisville. I

was his guest, and seated at his own

table, when he related the incident-

The Irish settlers at Cox's Creek,'

said Mr. Dwyer, "had been my eastom-

ers for many years. It pleased them

to deal with a countryman who could

day I was waited on by one of their number, Patrick Tuell by name, who

ought of me a very large bill of goods.

His instructions were that his goods be

delivered to his negro, who would call for them on the following meraling.

ince you must have observed it, Mr.

Webb, I need not tell you that what is

known as the brogue of my country is n my case ineradicable. Though it is

omething of which I am not ashamed,

am not a little sensitive to its m micry

y those who have it not. Well, on the ollowing morning, after I had closed

my business transactions with Mr.

Tuell, a negro fellow, some twenty

years of age, entered the store, and

ever fell from tongue, asked for his master's groceries. I had but one idea, and that was that the black raseal

was trying to imitate my own matter of

speech. Picking up an axe helve I made after him, and he frightened at my

lemonstrative attitude, backed out of

he store and leaped into the wagon

ach the saddle horse of his team.

with a pitcous look, he asked in native

Irish what he had done to offend me.

was ulterly confounded, you may be sure, and the weapon I held dropped to

the payement as from a nerveless hand

Questioning the boy, I found that he

had been brought up from childhood in

his master's family, where he bad not

only contracted the brogue I had re-

garded as a mere mimiery, but had

learned, with other children, to under"

stand and speak the Celtic of the

B. H. Webb's "History of the Catholic

Man in the Year 100,000.

The man of that day will be little else

than brain and nerves. His head will be

from eight to ten times the size of the

average head of to-day; his body will be

short and of considerable girth; his arms will be short and small, with

small hands; his legs will be very short and stout, with small feet; the nose and

eyes will be large, mouth small, and

chin a mere indication that such a thing

seen on the streets to-day, be called a terribly deformed individual, but he will

be considered quite the correct thing .-

once existed. Such a man would,

family's inter-communication."-

Charrel in Kentucky.

that was standing in the middle of the street. Turning to me before he could

with as honest a Tipperary brogue

speak their own mother tongue.

other valuables. Ar a meeting of Fourth street propertyowners in Cincinnavi, the preponderance of sentiment favored an aspeal pavement, and a committee was appointed to investigate and report at a future meeting.

J. H. Mirengian, a colored man, who resides at Vellow Springs, has commenced proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas to compel the School Beard of that place came home she charged it upon him, and with stammerings and blushings he was obliged to plead guilty.

"O, Stephen, you are—you are—an angel!" declared Ruby, thereby proving her childish illusion to be a sober truth.—

Chicago Interior. to admit his son to the High School.

ROBERT MILLER, a well-known farmer living near Springfield, was kicked by a horse and his skull tracture L

An abundance of natural gas has been

discovered near Millersburg. Reports of public institutions are now being submitted to the Governor very rapwere the Flahertys, the Connellys, the rolled at present is 313. The financial Tuells and the Whelans. The first statement shows a balance in the treasury Tuells and the Whelana. The first of \$5,003. The report of the Girls' Indus-slave property that came into the trial Home is also submitted. The Trustees colony is said to have been a negro ask for an appropriation of \$76,300, of child of seven years of age, bought by which \$20,000 is for a new family building. a Mr. Tuell at public sale of an in- and \$5,500 for a nospital. The Trustees of the Institution for the Deaf and Dump ask with this negro bay I remember to have expenses and to make repairs. During the for an appropriation of \$96,825 for running past year there were it? names on the roll of pupils, 247 being maios and 216 females. jylöm3 time, nearly half a century ago, a lead- The number at present in the institution is \$73. The steward's report shows a balance

in the treasury November 15 of \$20,345. John H. Lewis, a tough citizen, who has already served two terms in the Ohio Penitentiary, was found guitty at Youngstown of burglary. His sentence has not yet been passed, but the new law requires that after the expiration of his third scotence he shall remain to the penitentiary as an habitual criminal during the rest of his life. He took a chew of tobacco as the jury returned the verdict.

Mancus Halman, ex-policeman, of London, was shot and killed Thomas Mukes and wounded his brother, at the race track there, July 4, 1885, has been discharged, the grand jury falling to find an indictment.

A CONTRACT has been closed whereby Findlay secures a nitro-glycerine factory from Olean, N. Y., and rubber works. These establishments will be in operation

there as early as possible next summer. Tue entire Republican delegation from Hamilton County, to the next Legislature have filed notice of contest and appeal.

MAYOR TAYLOR, of Newark, was arrested on complaint of W. W. Burton, a newspaper correspondent, for assault with intent to kill. He was released on his own recognizance to appear for preliminary hearing.

JOHN HINE, who was convicted as Youngstown of incest, five years ago, and escaped from the court-room, was arrested at Muzson a few days since.

Tur Board of Revision of Cincinnati has directed a special accountant to make an investigation of the accounts of the City JOHN B. BRUTLER, of Urbana, who mys-

teriously disappeared from home som time ago, has returned. Tire natural gas craze has struck Columbus, and a company has been organized to begin boring immediately.

R. W. KEYNES, Republican candidate for the Legislature from Hacking County, has filed notice of contest against Buer haus, Democrat, on the ground of incligi-

GOVERNOR FORAKER has appointed Hon. Charles Kurtz as his Secretary. The flouring mill of Daniel Fribley, or

Evansport, was entirely destroyed by fire Loss \$15,000; insured for \$8,000. SAMUEL PAYNE, a convict in the Ohio Peniteullary, escuped a few days ago.

one year in the Penitentiary for bigamy. ALBERT HEINZ, a Dayton grocer, has seen closed by the Shariff. CAPTAIN MAGUINE, of Cincinnati, who vas reported drowned in the Tennessee

Ar Urbana, Samuel Martin was sentenced

River, has turned up alive. THE miners in the Akron and Massillon mining districts have decided to demand a ten-cent advance, and to receive part of their wages on the first of every month.



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